

THE DAYTONA GAZETTE-NEWS

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Florida, as Second Class Matter.

Saturday, Feb. 21, 1903.

The assessed valuation of property in
Volusia County last year was \$3,334,326.

Happiness grows at our own fireside
and is not to be picked up in strangers'
gardens.

The Wanchula Advocates opines that
when St. Clair Abrams gets through with
Judge Stewart he will look like three
tattered dimes.

The Jacksonville Times-Union has in-
stalled an up-to-date photo-etching
plant, and are prepared to furnish the
public with half tones.

The Maitree Record is the latest in
Florida journalism bidding for public
favors. Marsh & Farmer are the pub-
lishers. The Record is a very spicy and
readable sheet.

The Orlando Sentinel Reporter says:
"Judging from the papers, it seems to be
a neck and neck between Mark Hanna and
Roosevelt as to who can ingratiate him-
self deepest into the graces of the negro
race in order to control that vote when
the next election rolls around. If we are
to have a negro administration, why not
have one right, and elect either Booker
Washington, Major Taylor, Dr. Crum or
Bob Armstrong?"

One of the "richest" things to come to
our table for some time is a little book-
let with the modest title "Copies of
Evidence John B. Stetson University
Scandal." The booklet contains affidavits
of teachers, matrons and others in
behalf of the Stetson side of the case.
It is to be deplored that there should be
cause for such a scandal in one of
Florida's great institutions of learning.
When the big bird suits of President
Forbes and Mrs. Mathes for a quarter of
a million dollars each against John B.
Stetson come up for trial the truth or
falsity of the statements in the booklet
will be settled.

SAYS PRESERVE THE GAME.

Hon. Cromwell Gibbons, the probable
speaker of the House at the coming ses-
sion of the Legislature, and one of the
leading legal lights of Jacksonville, was
in Daytona Monday and favored the
Gazette-News' sanction with very pleas-
ant social call. Mr. Gibbons was down
in this neck-of-the-woods straightening
up the titles to the Bulow and other
grants north of this city, which will be
turned into a sportsman's Paradise.

Mr. Gibbons spent several days up the
river with Mr. Perkins, president of the
Volusia Sportsman's Club, and says ne-
gotiations for completing the organiza-
tion of the club are progressing rapidly.

The Duxal Legislature opines that it
would be wise to pass a law at the next
session prohibiting the killing of any
quail, deer or other game for a period of
five years. A bill will be introduced to
have this measure effective in Duxal
County, and efforts will be made to have
the law cover the entire State.

It has been ten years since Mr. Gibbons'
previous visit to Daytona, and he ex-
pressed great surprise at its marvellous
growth and prosperity.

After spending several hours with Hon.
C. L. Smith he left Monday evening for
his home in Jacksonville.

RETURN OF THE FAVORITES.

A. G. Allen's New Orleans Minstrels,
who were here last season and gave such
general satisfaction that many who
witnessed their performance at the time
are still sounding their praises and claim
it was by far the best minstrel perform-
ance seen here in years. The company
is billed to appear here February 24.

The company is said to include all the
old favorites and has been augmented
considerably in point of members. Many
new features have been added and the
performance is said to be fully up to and
even better than the high standard of
excellence set by them when here last
season. The seating arrangements of the
tent have been rearranged and every
care has been taken for the comfort and
convenience of the patrons, so that they
can enjoy a first-class minstrel perform-
ance under canvas and at a price of
admission much less than what is usually
charged by minstrels.

You Know What You Are Taking

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill
Tonic because the formula is plainly
printed on every bottle showing that it
is simply iron and quinine in tasteless
form. No Cure, No Pay. 25c.

A VISIT TO AN ARMY

(Original.)

When the Franco-Prussian war broke
out, I was studying at a German uni-
versity, or, rather, I had finished my
course and was making "pedestrian"
tours over the continent of Europe.
One morning after the battle of Grav-
elotte I walked into the German lines,
hoping to find among the officers some
of my former fellow students, but if
any of them were there I did not meet
them. I was taken to Lieutenant Colo-
nel Schiff, who was what in the United
States army we call the provost mar-
shal, to whom I presented my creden-
tials. I was traveling on an old pas-
sport that had not been vided (indorsed
by the proper authority) for some time;
but, being an American, with no inter-
est whatever in the contest then waging
between France and Germany, I did
not consider it necessary to be very
careful.

Colonel Schiff took my passport, as-
suring me that an examination was a
mere matter of form, though an imper-
ative duty with him. An officer in his
company at the time scanned my face,
looked my figure over from head to foot,
then said something to Colonel Schiff
in a language (not German) that I did
not understand. I felt sure it referred
to me, but if it did the colonel gave no
indication of it. After the officer left
us the colonel invited me to be his guest
during my stay in the camp.

"I presume," he said to me, "that you
wish to see something of the army. I
am going to visit several different
corps today and will be happy to have
you accompany me."

I assured him that I should be very
thankful for the opportunity, and after
furnishing me with a horse, accompa-
nied by a small escort, we sallied forth.
The colonel had his duties to perform
and often left us to visit different head-
quarters, paying no attention to me ex-
cept when disengaged, but I noticed a
young officer of the party continually
watching me. If I got out my glass to
view a distant object, he craned his
neck to see what I was looking at; if I
took especial interest in a redoubt, he
seemed equally interested in the fact;
if I asked for information, he spurred
his horse close enough to me to hear all
that was said.

When we returned from the tour, I
was dined by the colonel and when I
retired was given a tent with an army
cot in it in which to sleep. I was awak-
ened in the night by the guard chang-
ing sentries, and after the relief had
passed away, hearing some one walk-
ing back and forth, I arose and looked
out. There was a sentry pacing before
my tent.

"Well," I said, surprised, "these Ger-
mans are not inclined to let people get
away in the night. But I suppose it is
army custom with regard to civilians."

The next morning after breakfast I
thanked the colonel for his hospitality
and told him that I thought I would
take my departure.

"Where do you go from here?" he
asked.

"I shall go to Paris, then take a
steamer for New York."

I knew nothing about military mat-
ters or I should not have thus boldly
declared that after inspecting the Ger-
man army I was going straight to the
capital of France. The colonel looked
at me strangely. Then a faint shadow
of incredulity passed over his face.

"Better stay with us another day," he
said. "I have invited a number of offi-
cers to dine with you."

Somehow I felt that the invitation
was akin to an order. At any rate, I
did not feel quite safe in declining. I
spent the day at the colonel's head-
quarters and noticed that whenever I
walked beyond the chain of sentinels
those between whom I passed kept a
critical eye upon me, and once when I
went some distance an officer came
running after me, politely informing
me that no one was allowed to leave
the camp without the colonel's pass.

At dinner I was introduced to some
fine fellows and enjoyed their society
so well that I forgot the espionage to
which I had been subjected. During the
dinner the colonel was called away,
and when he returned his manner to-
ward me changed entirely. He was less
deferential and less constrained. In-
deed, for the first time his bearing to-
ward me was natural.

"If you care to rise early," he said to
me before I retired, "I will show you
an interesting army ceremony. Then, if
you choose, you may proceed with your
tour."

"I shall be delighted to join you for
the ceremony, and I really must pro-
ceed as soon as it is over," I replied.

Notwithstanding the change in the
colonel's bearing toward me I felt un-
easy. There was a drawing down of
the corners of his mouth when he used
the word "ceremony" that I did not
like. I awoke soon after going to sleep
and looked out. There was no guard
before my tent. I was puzzled. Finally
I went to sleep and was awakened at
dawn by the colonel's orderly.

Our party rode a short distance and
stopped at a barn. A platoon of soldiers
were standing at what we call "parade
rest." Suddenly the barn door opened,
and a man pale as death was led out
under guard.

"Great heavens! He was the very im-
age of myself."

Here was the explanation of all that
had passed. This man was a spy, and
I had been mistaken for him.

"We caught him," said the colonel to
me, "last night. Had he succeeded in
slipping away you would have been in
his place this morning for we were
sure you were he."

I did not want to witness the execu-
tion, but with the colonel's permission
rode back to camp. He soon returned,
and after he had given me breakfast I
was permitted to depart.

GULIAN C. VAN VORST.

AN ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

(Original.)

Murderers are not always discovered
by sleuths. Sometimes accident gives
them up.

For twenty years I have been a de-
tective. Soon after I entered the pro-
fession Father Vost, a Roman Catholic
priest, one of whose flock I was, called
me one day into his study and told me
the following:

"What I am about to narrate hap-
pened last night. I know nothing about
law or justice or the workings of the
police force, but as it is your business
to track crime I give the information to
you, and you can make what use of it
you think proper. It was about 11
o'clock, and I, who had been up later
than usual visiting a sick parishioner,
had just come to bed and was preparing
for bed when the servant came to my room
and said that a carriage was waiting
at the door to take me to give absolu-
tion to one about to die. I went down-
stairs and out to the carriage. I found
a masked man inside.

"I was driven for a full hour. The
carriage made few turns, and I fancy
that I must have been driven to a
suburb of the city, for after leaving the
pavement we drove for a time over a
dirt road, then again a pavement. I
made an effort to engage my companion
in conversation, but he gave me no re-
ply. Finally the carriage came to a
stop, and he bound my eyes with a
handkerchief, the door was opened
from without, and some one guided my
steps over flagstones. I think, and we
mounted steps. I counted six. Then
after going a short distance we mount-
ed more steps—this time I counted
twenty—and we made one turn. In
another moment I was led into a warm-
er atmosphere, and the bandage was
taken off by some one who slipped out
of a door behind me. Before me, pale
and haggard, stood a man who sank
upon his knees.

"Father," he said, "I am about to be
murdered. My murderers have been
brought up in our church, whose influ-
ence, you well know, can never be en-
tirely overcome. When I begged for
absolution before being put out of their
way, they could not refuse me. Shrive
me, father."

"Give me your name," I said, "and
even if I can't prevent your murder I
may at least bring about the punish-
ment of your murderers."

"Should I reveal the slightest cir-
cumstance you, too, would be put
where you cannot harm them."

"I received his confession and gave
him absolution. All the while, I con-
fess, I was studying the room that I
might know it again. There was an
open fireplace, with a mantel, such as
was used 100 or 200 years ago. I fixed
the landmark in my mind and made a
drawing of it as soon as I returned. I
tried to find some other special mark
about the room, but there was nothing
else unusual. I left the man prostrate
and was driven home, as I had come,
over pavement, dirt road and pavement
again."

Father Vost went to a desk, took out
the drawing and handed it to me.

I was young in my business and de-
termined to make some reputation for
myself on this case. I did not report
it at police headquarters, as I was in
duty bound to do, but spent months in
searching the newspapers to catch a
notice of some missing man. My ef-
forts were without success, and at last
I gave it up. That was ten years ago,
and since then I have been accused by
my conscience for not at once reporting
the case. The only effort I have contin-
ued to keep up is an examination of all
old mantels offered for sale, and I have
compared hundreds of them with Fa-
ther Vost's drawing, always to find
them different.

One day recently, while I was pass-
ing through the very street in which
Father Vost had lived, not a block from
the house I passed a building which
was being converted from a dwelling
to a store. A crowd had gathered, and
some workmen were carrying out a
skeleton which, I was told, had been
found bricked up in a chimney. Such
things may at any time be of service to
a detective, and I went up to examine
the room from which the bones had
been taken. The first thing to catch
my attention was a mantel which had
been taken down and was leaning
against the wall. The moment I looked
at it it seemed familiar. Taking out
Father Vost's drawing, which I always
kept in my leather case for papers, I
compared the two. They corresponded
exactly.

Going downstairs, I counted twenty
steps, and from the front door to the
sidewalk six. As last I had stumbled
by accident on the room of the murder
The wily murderer had drawn Father
Vost out of the city and back to with-
in a block of his house, returning by
the same circuitous route.

I succeeded in getting the name of
the tenant on the date of the murder
and hunted up people who had lived in
the neighborhood during his occupancy,
but as it was very short—only three
months—they did not remember much
about it. One day when I was exami-
ning the room, hoping I might find some
concealed message from the murdered
man, a workman, engaged there hand-
ed me a bit of paper which he said had
fallen from behind the mantel when it
was taken down. I seized upon it
eagerly and read.

I Peter Hendricksen, came upon two
Italians in a wood near here where they
were burying the body of a man they had
murdered for his money. To keep me
from hanging them they have brought
me here and will probably murder me.
By chance I learned the name of one—
Gamberti.

I hunted two years for Gamberti be-
fore I found him. Three months later
I landed him on the gallows. His mate
was never taken. Curiously enough,
Father Vost shivered the murderer.

CUTHBERT M'KINZIE.

WAS IT A DREAM?

(Original.)

Edward Holmes was packing to go
to his wedding, which was to take place
the next day, when he received the fol-
lowing telegram from his betrothed's
mother:

Come at once. Lillian is very ill.

Snatching his handbag, which was
ready, he hurried to the depot and took
the first train. It was 6 o'clock in the
evening in June, that month chosen by
so many lovers in which to consum-
mate their happiness, and the foliage
along the route had in it the first
freshness of summer. But Edward
Holmes did not notice it. He was far
away, fearing, hoping. On reaching
N., a large summer resort, he was
inexpressibly distressed to find that the
train went no farther. He must wait
for one that passed at 11 o'clock. It
was still twilight, and he walked to a
hotel not half a mile from the station.
The house was brilliantly lighted, while
the guests were fitting about in pic-
turesque costumes preparatory to a
fancy dress ball. This was no place for
one in anxiety, but Holmes, not relish-
ing waiting at the station, took a wick-
er chair in a dark corner of the piazza.

There he spent the evening. When
a dance was finished, couples would
promenade on the piazza. Holmes found
it a relief to watch them, and the time
passed more quickly for his mind be-
ing distracted till half past 10. Then,
impatient to be again in motion, he
was about to rise and return to the sta-
tion when, glancing aside and slightly
behind him, he saw what at first he
took for a shaft of light coming through
a window. Then he noticed that it was
a woman. Her dress was of white,
though of what material he could not
tell. Looking up at her face, he saw
that it was masked, also with white.
He would have risen, but at the mo-
ment he felt a hand rest lightly on his
shoulder.

A great deal passed through Edward
Holmes' mind in a very few moments.
Who was this girl, for she had the ap-
pearance of a young person, and what
was her interest in him? It did not oc-
cur to him that she could be a stranger to
him. She must be one of the guests,
some friend of his who had seen him
when he first reached the hotel and had
sought him out. Doubtless she would
amuse herself with his efforts to dis-
cover her identity.

For a moment he sat still. Then, not-
withstanding the hand on his shoulder,
he rose and faced his visitor.

"You are"—He paused. The form
seemed familiar, but there was too lit-
tle light for him to identify it. She did
not answer his question, but slipped
her hand within his arm and led him
for a walk, not toward the entrance,
brilliantly lighted, but to a dark end of
the piazza. She did not speak, and
Holmes, who was in no mood for such
an adventure, could think of nothing to
say to her. He thought of conning his
anxiety to her, but, after all, she might
be a stranger. One thing made him
start. On passing a chink in a window
blind he noticed orange blossoms on her
head. His own wedding, set for the
morrow—would it be a wedding or a
funeral? Would the flowers be orange
blossoms or tube roses? If it had been
difficult for him to speak to his com-
panion before, it was well nigh impos-
sible now. A strange dread came over
him. Then during a momentary breeze
from behind a light substance touched
his hand. It must be a bridal veil.

Was the costume of a bride an un-
usual or a common one for such occa-
sions? He could not recall in all his so-
cial experience having seen one. A
strange influence seemed to be passing
from the girl to him. It came in waves,
now happiness, now grief. Whatever it
was, he did not wish it to end. He took
no thought of time, forgetting that he
was waiting for a train to take him to
Lillian.

She spoke no word, nor did he wish
her to speak. His senses seemed to
become gradually benumbed. There
was a mystical mingling of chat, music
and laughter, besides the dripping of
a fountain in the center of a lawn be-
fore the hotel. Then the sounds all
melted away together.

Suddenly he was awakened as from a
dream by a clock striking. He was still
sitting in the dark corner, and his com-
panion was not with him. He looked
up and down the piazza, but she was
not to be seen. Had he fallen asleep
and dreamed? No; it was all too real.
He arose and strode back and forth to
make sure he was awake. Then he
heard a train approach the station and
knew that he had not time to reach it
before it should start on. Hurrying to
the hotel office, he inquired the hour of
leaving for the next train and was
shocked to hear that he could not get
away from the place till morning.

Who was this girl who had kept him
away from his beloved, lying on a
sick bed and doubtless listening every
moment to catch the sound of his step?
How could he have been so affected by
her presence as to forget the passing
time? There was nothing now for
him to do but take a room and go to
bed. This he did, but not to sleep.

He rose early and went to the sta-
tion. The time came for the train, but
no train came. Locomotives hurried by,
some carrying box cars, and one bare
wrecking apparatus.

"What's the matter?" he asked of the
station master.

"The train that left here last night at
11 o'clock went down a hundred feet
with a bridge. Every passenger was
killed."

When Edward Holmes reached his
destination, Lillian was dead. She had
passed away the night before soon af-
ter he reached the hotel. When he tells
of the girl in orange blossoms and
bridal veil, his friends say he was
dreaming. He knows that Lillian saved
him from the wreck.

F. A. MITCHELL.

Smiths' Store Talk.

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For here it is from 10 cents to \$1.75. That \$1.75 hat is a beauty.
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